

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1904

MR. DOOLEY ON THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY F. P. DUNNE.

"NOW is the war comin' on?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"Nicely, thank ye fr askin'," said Mr. Dooley. "The Rooshyans is shewin' ev'rythin before them in their mad rush to Saint Petersburg. Their navy has been uniformly victorious, in some cases blowin' up higher thin the wurld's record an' in other cases batin' all preevious time out to sea an' back again. Port Arthur has fallen as often as a graduate of the Keeley cure. The 'czar has been taken by the throat, and the Russian people is Rooshy, a blessing an' an lkon to die for. If it wasn't for the Rooshyan belief in the lkon, I don't know how long the 'czar would last. Himmissey. That's a joke. Look it up. The 'czar is a lkon to die for, who ar-re bein' sint out to die fr their country, which is only theirs when they ar-re away fightin' fr it. Has thanked the 'czar at a tremendous blow-out fr wan iv his principal advisers. But the 'czar won't know much about the war fr'm now on. I seen it in the 'pa-per th' other day that they was bor-n to his imperial highness G'n'ral Alexis Alexandrovitch Michaelovitch Johnovitch Terenovich William J. 'Czar. Mr. an' Mrs. 'Czar both doin' well. He was a born Rooshyan g'n'ral, mind ye. It's a heavy handicap to start with, but he may live it down if he has sinse. An' fr'm now on the 'czar will have enough on his hands without thinkin' iv the war. Th' baby ought to take th' meapies about the time th' Japs takes Moscow."

"They're a gr-eat people, them Japs. I used to look down on them. We didn't hero that opened them up to western civilization? I fight. I niver remember a hero's name or fight a coward's. Such is fame. But he ought to have a leather medal fr'm Rooshy. He opened Japan up th' way a burglar opens a safe. There it stuid an' says Western Civilization to itself. 'There must be somethin' in this. We'll blow the dure off. We opened it up, Himmissey. An' what did we find? Ditties, no less. 'Twas as though you shud blow a strong box lookin' fr treasure an' shud shlep a force iv Pinkertons, grab ye by th' neck an' say: 'Come along with us; we want to see th' tools.' We didn't go in. There wasn't room. They come out. When I was a young man I niver see a Jap. I haven't seen anything else fr'tin years. Th' first thing they got was a pair iv specs an' they bought better wans thin I use. Thin they begun runnin' around over th' wurld findin' out what was goin' on. 'No one tried to stop them. What harm did they do, them cunning little fellows barely up to th' waistband iv a Rooshyan? Our idee iv a gr-eat race is a tall man, which lets out Napoleon Bonaparte an' Young Corbett an' lets in Fairbanks. Th' Japs person I know I know iv that's earned anything in recent years. He learned ivrythin that was known by Empror William, the 'czar,



"The Czar won't know much about the war."

President Roosevelt, Charles Schwab, J. W. Gates, Herr Krupp, Mrs. Eddy, Nels Morris, Cap. Mahan, the American Can Company, the Authors' Society, Doctor Munyon, borrid enough money to make him interested an' wint home. He carried his satchel to the McAdoo or chief ruler iv Japan, who raycived him dressed in a plug hat an' a kimono to show th' English ambassador an' th' Gaud Boodha that he played no favorites. 'Little insects in th' cheese,' says th' mighty potentate, 'ye have done well; go an' die where ye will.' An' he gave them each a handsome pair iv congress gaiters an' sint them on their way. Thin he r-read th' doymints, an' says he to himself:



"Receiving."

"We've been opened on a bluff," he says. "It's all a matter iv looks. He hives, I'll shart a mashen shop an' whin I'm ready I'll serve notice on this here western civilization that I decline anny longer to be threatened as a jack pot."



"A Live Wire."

thin begun they've been somethin' doin'. Rooshya can't step out into his back yard without landin' on a mine. Th' 'czar at home lendin' th' baby, rocks iv cradle with wan hand an' opens a tellygram with th' other. 'Tis fr'm G'n'ral Kurrypatkin an, it reads: 'En route home. I have th' honor to rayport to ye'r majesty that I made a gallant attack on th' Japs right at 10:30 this mornin'. Our sojers fought like heroes, drivin' the Japs before them like chaff before the wind. But at 11 o'clock th' chaff turned an' th' joke was on me. Th' Japs seemed utterly oblivious iv human life or their own. Forchnitly there was a thrain in waitin' an' I managed to catch

th' lasht rail. I have tellygraphed th' army to jine me at their own convynience. I larn fr'm Port Arthur. But ye'r majesty's fleet to shle another sortie at th' inniny again an' after inflictin' much damage on their mines an' torpedoes iv rammin' them, sorted to their snug haven in Port Arthur where they gallantly repulsed an infantry attack. They ar-re now throwin' up intrenchments an' lookin' iv wan th' lasht. Thin I larn what th' Japs' next movement will be. I cannot change me mind enough to follow th' vagaries iv th' oriental mind. Kind regards to wife an' little tootsy-wootsyvitth. Yellers in haste. An' th' 'czar answers, 'Congratulations on gallant flight. Baby christened today. Name follows be freight.'

"An' there ye ar-re, Himmissey. Rooshya has picked up a live wire. We opened up Japan to western civilization with the same wans. How will it all come out? says ye. Faith, I don't know. Ord'narily a big man ought to lick a little wan, but th' fat man at th' circus couldn't lick Terry McGovern much. I war, Himmissey, height don't count. An' anyhow, Japan ain't so small. When a man is five foot in height he's as big as he needs to be, an' whin a country has thirty millyon inhabitants it's got all it has anny use fr. It's only a question iv th' tools, an' th' haughty western civilization iv ours ain't got so much iv a bulge on the degraded hythens as we think. It don't require no hiven sint gift to make a cannon or th' Germans wuld be so good at it. They ain't anny reason why Okypoko, shudn't larn to mannyfather a gun as well as Hans Dinkel-spiel. They ain't much on the inventive janyus. It's all imitation. Some wan imitates some other fellow's gun an' adds a little to it, an' there ye ar-re. An' havin' made th' guns anny man that eud use a pea blower or a bow an' arrow can larn to shoot straight. If war was a Christian pursuit, Spain wud have licked us. But it ain't. Any kid iv an ol' pagan can larn it as well as another, an' win at it if he's got th' money fr'm th' Jews. I don't know how it'll come out. But th' Japs ain't goin' to shlep with licken th' Rooshyans. Maybe they'll take it into their heads to come over here an' settle. 'Tould be cheaper to settle down here than to settle up with their creditors. They may bring th' Chinese with them. I shudn't be surprisid if I had a hundred in a hushel or two iv saky fr'm Jap'nese thrade or to say in th' 'pa-per. 'Hop Lung was arrested las' night fr' rowlin' an' impty beer barrel into Silas Higgins' American laundry. Th' haythin excited great merrymint in th' court room be his attempts to speak Chinese. 'Niver fear,' said Mr. Himmissey. 'Th' Japs is only dark Chinamen annyhow.'

"Thurs," said Dooley, "th' Japs ar-re Chinymen well done."

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SOUTH AMERICAN BILLS OF FARE

By Frederic J. Haskin

WHAT do South Americans eat? How do they prepare their food? In what ways do the southerners differ from Americans in their habits of diet? So many women have asked me these questions that I will devote an article to the subject.

Rich and poor alike have tastes in common, all preferring high seasoning and strange admixtures of condiments. Unlike his brother of southern Europe, the Latin of America clings to a generous meat diet. Roast pork is a prime favorite everywhere. It is the piece de resistance at all festivals, taking the place of the roast turkey of the United States, and the roast beef of England. The Latin is a close second to the Chinaman in his preference for the succulent roast pig. Another staple food which finds universal favor is the frijole, or bean. It is to the Cuban, the Mexican, and the South American, what the potato is to the Irishman. One cannot get away from garlic in Latin countries, for it forms the basis of all meat and vegetable dishes, likewise fish, and even eggs, soups and entrees. They stew fish and add it to the table swimming in oil and surrounded with garlic cloves. I have seen women eat garlic as a side dish like we eat peas.

THE OMNIPRESENT PIG.

It was a matter of surprise to Americans in the beginning of the occupation of Cuba and Porto Rico to find the native and his pig, either alive or dead, inseparable. Among the poorer classes, the young porkers always have the run of the house, contesting with the children for scraps and morsels, and enjoying all the privileges of the premises. When the head of one household assembled his large brood to be photographed, he threw down some feed for his pigs so they would gather and be included in the picture. Pigs are brought to the market tied together like chickens. That portion of the plaza where the young swine are offered for sale is always a noisy and busy place. The man who can afford to buy a whole pig will also be able to pay for having it roasted at the bakery, because few homes have the facilities for this undertaking. After the shoit is fully prepared, stuffed with all the condiments and accessories which the owners' taste calls for, it is carried home in triumph, and the relatives and friends bidden to the feast. On Saturdays, and on the eves of carnivals, the streets are lined with women, boys, and men carrying aloft the browned pig for the morrow's merry-making.

The Latin likes fowls also, and knows how to prepare a variety of dainty dishes from them. The cafes in the southern cities are always liberally supplied with roast turkeys, chickens and ducks, which are served just as we like them in the United States. In addition, the initiated will call for some of the native dishes which have fowl for a basis. First in the opinion of Americans is arroz con pollo, which is rice with chicken. The cook boils a fat chicken until done, and in the same water puts his rice to cook, serving both the vegetable and chicken together, with a seasonin' of condiments, also the delicious sweet pepper of Spain as a garnish and adornment.

HOW TO COOK RICE.

Only rice eating people know how to prepare it as a vegetable. The West Indians, Filipinos, Chinese, Japanese, and the cooks of South Carolina and other coast states, understand the art of cooking it until it is thoroughly done and wholesome, at the same time preserving the form of the grain as well as retaining its snowy whiteness. There is a vast difference between that prepared by a rice eater, and the gluey, sticky, watery compost set before one in other sections. Rice should never be stirred or broken. Only water enough to cook it is required in which it must boil rapidly. The boiler should not be covered, and the contents ought to be gently stirred with a large fork so the steam may escape. The rice cooked with the chicken in the arroz con pollo, although perfectly dry and light, is tender and well done, and equally permeated with the seasoning of the fowl and the condiments.

The tropics supply a never failing crop of vegetables. There are many varieties, such as we have in the temperate zone, potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, etc. Among the native vegetables are the yuca, the cabbage palm, many kinds of cactus, yams, and the plantain, the latter being a specie of banana, although not eatable unless cooked. Bananas are served as vegetables also. They are peeled and broiled on a griddle, or fried when green. A favorite meal, which is somewhat like our common "boiled" dinner, is composed of a variety of vegetables, including cabbage, turnips, onions, potatoes, beans, etc., all boiled together with a piece of meat. Just before this is served a few bananas are stripped of their skins and added, which gives a very appetizing flavor to the homely dish.

Cream Is Served Hot with Coffee.



Select Your Turkey at the Door.

All Latin Cooks are Men.

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A FANCY SPANISH SWEET.

The southerner excels in the preparation of sweets. With the coconut he makes a sweetmeat which preserves all the flavor of the fresh nut, yet is perfectly tender and digestible. There is what he calls an almond cheese, made of almonds and sugar, which is sliced. One of the sweets which people of Spanish blood look upon as the crowning joy of a

festival is made of eggs, or rather of yolks of eggs. It is called "yemas dobles," or folded yolks. A syrup is made of sugar and water, and the yolks beaten to a froth, then flavored with vanilla, and when the syrup has reached the right consistency, the yolks are dropped into the boiling mass a spoonful at a time, and after a moment carefully turned or folded over. When set, they are lifted out and the syrup is poured over them. This makes an appetizing dish, the eggs becoming semi-transparent, and tasting more like fruit than anything else. When put into jars, this preparation will keep for an indefinite time.

Sponge cake is always perfectly cooked in a Spanish kitchen, but as a rule their other cakes are fearfully and wonderfully made. The Latin idea of a birthday cake is that of a conglomerate mass, cakes, candies, and crystallized fruits, piled up into a pyramid, the whole adorned with sugar flowers and designs, gold and silver paper, toys and objects without

end. It is an imposing looking ornament for a table, but when the time comes to disjoin it, and distribute the goodies, it topples over into a helpless, inert mass of melting stickiness, the reverse of tempting, but the young and old enjoy it to the full.

The Latins excel in their breads, or that is, their bakers do, for there is none made in the private families, and hot bread is never seen. The same kind is used by rich and poor alike. It is wrapped in fresh banana leaves, and comes from the oven in long loaves. It has a rich, nutty flavor, a brown crusty outside, and is very wholesome and delicious. The natives eat it dry, never using butter except in cooking.

LATIN COOKS ARE CLEVER.

How a Latin cook can get up a good meal with the few conveniences at his command is a wonder. His stove is a sort of table or stand, either of brick

or tiling, wherein are holes for charcoal. Often there is no chimney to let out the smoke and when the charcoal is first lighted, he steps outside until the smoke has departed and left a glowing mass of coals. With these primitive appliances he can get up a dinner of appetizing soup, a fish course, meat and vegetables, with perhaps a sweet or two to follow.

Men always do the cooking among the Latins. When he applies for a situation his first inquiry is as to the number in the family, hours for meals, and the allowance for the market. The question of wages comes last, the amount for the market determining his action. It is the custom for the cook to do the marketing, and naturally he makes a percentage of the sum allowed him. He probably is paid a commission for his trade, or, as is often the case, he has an interest in the stand or shop. He well knows that the dealers will charge his employer a good deal more than they will him.

While it seems a hardship on the employer, yet the latter, with the same money, could not do as well as the employee. The chef does all the marketing for each day in the morning, even to laying in his daily supply of fuel. He can gauge to a certainty just how much is required for the table and kitchen supplies for the day. He will buy a piece of beef to roast which will yield just enough for the meal, and over his charcoal fire he will roast it as delicately as it could be done in a hotel kitchen if the joint weighed pounds instead of ounces. He makes just soup enough for one helping to each person. His roast provides one slice each, his fish likewise, better served with a long handled spoon, so that one grain is not allowed to become browned than another. When it becomes the same color inside and out, so that when pinched between the fingers it breaks, showing very dark brown all the way through, it is ground very fine in a covered mill, much finer than our dealers grind it.

The Spanish people claim that Americans parch coffee badly, and that we do not cook it sufficiently to bring out the flavor. They say that a raw taste is allowed to remain, and that we grind too coarsely, thus wasting the coffee, and not securing the best results.

WORLD'S BEST COFFEE MAKERS.

And the Latin knows how to make coffee. No southerner will purchase it roasted or ground. In the afternoons the streets of all southern cities are fragrant with the odor of parching or roasting coffee. The cooks prepare only the amount to be used for the occasion, with none left over for the next day. The berries are put in a flat pan and then held over burning charcoal, where they brown regularly, being stirred with a long handled spoon, so that one grain is not allowed to become browned than another. When it becomes the same color inside and out, so that when pinched between the fingers it breaks, showing very dark brown all the way through, it is ground very fine in a covered mill, much finer than our dealers grind it.

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MAKE COFFEE THIS WAY.

The ground coffee is put into a bag or receptacle in the coffee pot—never in the pot itself—and boiling water poured on. The liquid is allowed to drip slowly through the powdered grains, as it is kept at boiling point over the fire. It drips almost black, but perfectly clear, and is served immediately. The pulverized berries part with every particle of strength and taste they contain, whereas, when the coffee is not finely ground, much of the strength and flavor is lost, causing a waste of material and a poor decoction.

For the morning beverage hot milk is served with the coffee. For dinner it is served black, with sugar if desired, but never with milk or cream. The Cubans and South Americans claim that they alone know how to roast and brew coffee, and they are right. It never tastes the same when it is prepared by other hands.

BRITISH EXPEDITION IN TIBET FOUND STRANGE CREATURES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

WHAT a lot of queer animals will be added to the Lincoln Park "zoo" if the commissioners decide to import a shipload of the strange beasts and birds that have been discovered in Tibet, the mysterious forbidden land just being opened to the knowledge of the world by British rifles and machine guns.

Think of Cy Devery proudly showing to visitors a pair of barahls, or blue sheep! How the grunting ox would frighten the small boy! And there would be chiru antelopes with swollen noses, orange monkeys, snow leopards, black and cream colored bears, snow deer with

thirteen-pronged horns, kians or wild asses, goats, argails, yaks, chirus, Pandas—the names of these strange animals alone would be worth looking at. Tibet, for centuries the most mysterious of lands, will be a far more interesting place no longer by the end of the present year. A British army has crossed the Himalayas and is fighting its way over terrible gorges, along narrow trails, through deep defiles and across barren stretches of desert to the sacred abode of the Grand Lama. With the British expedition are geologists, botanists, zoologists, and a host of other specialists, as well as writers and artists. When the English soldiers have cleared the way to Lassa, the forbidden land will be a mystery no longer.

This strange land on the roof of the world would be a paradise—a frigid, dangerous paradise—for sportsmen and the hunter of wild game. Among these strange animals may be mentioned the Tibetan yak, or grunting ox, that grows both wool and hair. It is larger, much larger, than the familiar yak of the circus menagerie. It stands six feet high at the shoulder. It has an enormous growth of long white hair upon the lower part of the body, sweeping the ground. Underneath this coarse white hair is a layer of fine wool, known as "pashin," which is highly prized by Tibetans for the weaving of cloth. The extraordinary tail of this grunting ox is one of the most conspicuous features of Tibetan monasteries, being suspended on poles as streamers. It is not to be supposed that the Tibetan yak is a harmless animal, easily

tamed. Living near the region of perpetual snow, it has an exceedingly fierce disposition, and furnishes keen sport in the hunting. The Tibetans, however, wild and rugged as they are, have made these giant yaks their beasts of burden, as well as the object of their sport. Barren and inhospitable, the high plateaus of Tibet harbor yet other hooved animals as remarkable as the yak—the chiru antelope, for example, which, like the strange saika, has developed an enormous swollen nose. It is supposed that this enlarged size of the nasal chamber is directly due to the need of some special adaptation for breathing the highly rarified air of these regions.

The little goat, or Tibetan gazelle, and a magnificent wild sheep, the argail, manage, like the chiru, to thrive where, in summer, the sun scorches by day and icy blasts prevail at night, and herds of wild dogs are ever on the prowl. More difficult to stalk than any other Tibetan game, the argail still further allures the sportsman by the fact that it carries superb horns, which may attain a length of forty-eight inches and a girth of twenty inches at the base. Old rams will leap from a height of thirty feet with confidence.

The ibex, and a remarkable animal known as the bharal, or blue sheep of Tibet, but which appears to be more goat than sheep, also deserves mention here. The show deer, a beast nearly as big as the great wapiti, has seldom fallen to the gun of the white hunter. No complete ground, little is known about the creature, but it is conjectured that its coloration is protective, harmonizing with

patches of snow and black rocks among which it lives. One of the most brilliantly colored of all monkeys occurs in Tibet, known as the orange snub-nosed monkey. It lives in troops among the pine trees. After its color, the next conspicuous feature about this animal is its "tip tilted" nose. The great cats are worthily represented by the rare snow leopard, a specimen of which is now to be seen at the zoological gardens in London. Only twice previously has it been brought out of Tibet alive. Two of the most prized denizens of our zoological gardens occur in a wild state in Tibet. These are the gorgeous golden and Amur leopards. The latter, it is suggested, could profitably be introduced into the United States, as it is exceedingly hardy.—Chicago Journal.